

highly national feelings, they might venture, I think, to play against 'All England.' Lord Palmerston and Lord Glenelg, with their talent for keeping in, would assuredly secure a good score. Lord John, indeed, with all his nourishing, will probably end in knocking down his own wicket; and as for Sir Cam,¹ the chances certainly are that he will be 'caught out,' experiencing the same fate in play as in politics. If you could only engage Lord Durham to fling sticks at the seals of the Foreign Office, and the agile Mr. Ell ice to climb a greasy pole for the Colonial portfolio, I think you will have provided a very entertaining programme of Easter sports.²

The letter to Peel is throughout a piece of highly-pitched glorification that reads strangely in the light of subsequent events. 'In your chivalry alone is our hope. Clad in the panoply of your splendid talents and your spotless character we feel assured that you will* conquer.

What a contrast does your administration as Prime Minister afford to that of one of your recent predecessors! No selfish views, no family aggrandisement, no family jobs, no nepotism. . . . Contrast the serene retirement of Drayton, and the repentant solitude of Howick; contrast the statesman, cheered after his factious defeat by the sympathy of a nation, with the coroneted Necker, the worn-out Machiavel, wringing his helpless hands over his hearth in remorseful despair, and looking up with a sigh at his scowling ancestors. . . .

You have an addition to the scutcheon of your fame in the emblazoned memory of your brief but masterly premiership. They cannot taunt you now with your vague promises of amelioration: you can appeal to the deeds of your Cabinet, and the plans which the applause of a nation sanctioned, and the execution of which the intrigues of a faction alone postponed. Never, too, since the peace of Paris, has the great national party of this realm been so united as at the present moment. It is no exaggeration to say, that among its leaders not the slightest difference of opinion exists upon any portion of their intended policy. Pitt himself, in the plenitude of his power, never enjoyed more cordial confidence than that which is now extended to you by every alleged section of the Conservative ranks.

¹ Sir John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughlton.

² Letter XV.